

The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

VOLUME I.

Freedom: its Interests, its Rights, and its Honor.

NUMBER 7.

BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., APRIL 22, 1861.

PRICE, TWO CENTS.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS

BY THE BEST WORKMEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Carriage and Sleigh Manufacturing will be carried on by the subscriber opposite the

Court House square, Montpelier, Vt. Those in want of elegant Carriages and Sleighs, will be happy to call and see what is being done at the old stand of GLENN & CAMP.

All orders promptly attended to.

JOHN W. CLARKE.

GEO. W. SCOTT,

Having purchased the

GOODS

of the

MERCANTILE UNION,

Will continue the business at their old stand,

HEAD OF STATE STREET

where the business will be conducted on the principle of

Small Profits for Ready Pay!

In the name of

SCOTT & CO.

Montpelier, March 15, 1861.

SPRING STYLE! SPRING STYLE!

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

APRIL 8, 1861.

We have now the Largest, and

BEST SELECTED STOCK

OF CARPETS, TAPESTRY, THREE-PLY,

—COMPRISING—

Super, Superfine and Extra-Fine,

COTTON AND STAIR CARPETS,

Oil Carpets, all widths, Rugs & Mats.

Which we offer at prices that defy competition.

Carpets Made and put down in the best Manner.

J. W. ELLIS & Co.

The Alexandre Organ!

Patented in the United States, May 31, 1860. Adapted to the use of Drawing Rooms, Churches, Churches and schools. This instrument is superior to any other instrument ever invented.

GEO. W. WILDER

has just received one of these Organs containing 15 stops, and will be pleased to exhibit the instrument at his music store to all desirous of hearing it.

A CARD.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and patrons that he has removed to Montpelier, Vt., where he has opened an Office in the Freeman Building, and will give his individual attention to the practice of the Law in Washington and the surrounding counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and efficient attention.

F. V. RANDALL.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 1860.

N. W. GILBERT,

DENTIST

NO. 13 PAINE'S BLOCK,

NORTHFIELD, VT.

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Sash, Doors and Blinds.

The place to purchase the BEST QUALITY of

Sash, Doors and Blinds

made of the best WESTERN PINE, and in a good

Workmanlike Manner

is at the Factory of

J. D. CLOGSTON.

Opposite C. B. Wilder's Mill, Montpelier,

Where may be found at all times a good assortment of

Sash, Doors and Blinds; also, Tubes for Chain Pumps,

Have Spouts, &c.

Planing, Jointing, Grooving,

and Tenoning done in the best workmanlike manner.

While thanking for the past four years, I would earnestly solicit

persons who reside in towns adjacent to Montpelier, in

want of the above articles, not to fail to consult me, in

person, or by letter, before purchasing elsewhere. It

shall be my purpose to furnish good work at low prices.

J. D. CLOGSTON.

Montpelier, March 1861.

STYLES, DAVIS & STYLES,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS!

(Successors to S. O. Hersey.)

Ellis' Block, Montpelier.

ALSO,

CHILMARKS

AT

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AND

ST. ALBANS.

THE subscribers are prepared to execute any kind

Picture made by the

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

FROM THEIR

LONG EXPERIENCE,

SUPERIOR APPARATUS

AND

WELL FURNISHED GALLERIES,

they offer their services with confidence that they can

please all who may favor them with their patronage.

G. B. DAVIS, Montpelier.

A. F. STYLES, Burlington.

A. J. STYLES, St. Albans.

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Poetry.

From the Vermont Christian Messenger.

Twilight Thoughts.

I've watched the beautiful sunset glow
That lingers in the west.
The gold-tipped clouds that come and go
In silence and unrest.

I've seen the twilight gather round,
Till earth was hushed to sleep,
The silent stars came, one by one,
Their holy watch to keep.

The evening sky seems bending low
In sympathy and love,
And softly o'er my aching brow,
The dew falls from above.
O, better than noon's vivid glare
I love this soft and light—
This holy calm on earth and air
That ushers in the night.

The wild, deep yearnings of the breast,
The throbs of human will,
That wake amid the day's unrest,
This tranquil hour can still.

Father! I thank thee for this hour,
So like a voiceless prayer!
So live a voiceless power,
Yet feel it everywhere.

NELLIS.

Mt. Palatine, Ill.

Miscellany.

For the Vermont Christian Messenger.

Not Friendless.

'Is it then five years since your husband's death, and have you, in the interval, provided for yourself and your two children, unassisted? If so, I shall believe that heroines are not fabled characters, but that in my once timid school-mate, Mary Lee, to whom the toil and contest of life seemed, from afar, so fearful, the martyr spirit has been developed to the wonder and admiration of all witnesses.'

'My dear Madeline, you cannot judge correctly of what I have attempted and accomplished. You are surrounded by the comforts and elegancies of life; all your wishes have been gratified as soon as they have been expressed. It is no wonder that my unaided efforts seem of such magnitude to you. To the little I have performed, I have been impelled by affection. What mother could behold her children dying in her arms while she had strength to labor for their support?'

'Spoken like yourself, dear Mary. But why the necessity for the toil which has bowed your once delicate form, and changed your blooming face so that scarcely a vestige of the olden look remains? Your father was not poor. Why have you not followed him to his Western home, and been welcomed to its abundance?'

'Because he has nothing to offer me.—Abundance fled from him, even as it deserted me.'

'Poor Mary! left without a single friend in this world where the strong trample upon the weak and defenceless! During the happy years which have fled, leaving no impress of sorrow upon my heart, how the knowledge of your misfortunes would have pained me! I pray Heaven that you may feel no longer the bitter pang of being friendless.'

'Again, Madeline, are you wrong.—Friendless? Who is so that God has created? I have yet to explain the incidents of the past, and you shall understand what now to your mind seems vague and mysterious. You say rightly that there was abundance in my father's house. I left it with many regrets, but my heart was strong in its love and confidence. My new abode was the paradise of my youthful dreams, and my noble Edward the angel that rendered it so beautiful. Years passed away, and three lovely children had been given us; and still peace brooded like a dove above our dwelling, and we dreamed not of the hour, then so fearfully near, when it should take its flight. Edward died, and at his grave I left all my weakness. How admirable is that design of Providence by which sorrow, while it crushes, makes us strong. From the first overwhelming weight of my grief I imagined I should never rise. Creditors were claiming the property for which poor Edward had toiled, and which, had he been spared, would soon have been his own. My father had engaged in a ruinous speculation, and was even then tasting the bitterness of poverty.—Would not death have been welcome in such an hour of grief and despair? Yes, but for those little hands clinging to me for protection—but for the childish voices breathing in my ear that hallowed name—'mother.' Oh, when did such tones ever appeal vainly to maternal love?'

I became conscious that my own weak arm must bear them above the threatening billows of life. Hope and strength sprung suddenly into my heart, as, with prophetic eye, I saw my babes orphaned anew, thrown upon the cold charity of strangers, perhaps upon the mercies of those who delight in cruelty and oppression. One glance roused the mother within me, and I changed my

bitter repinings, my vague, unuttered belief in God's injustice, to earnest prayers for His support, and joyful praises for the mercies that remained to me. I need not tell you of the first months of my struggle; how darkness gathered around me, but that, through the gloom, I saw, with thrillings of joy and thankfulness, the beacon-star of the heavy laden—Hope.

My burden was perchance too great; but I never played for the least release. It came, however, in the death of my youngest darling. I smothered my anguish, and crowning him with flowers, placed him in his narrow bed, and went back to duty. Years came and departed, and I toiled unremittently, heeding not the gay drama of life which was playing in other homes, but Heaven knows, plying, loving, and forgiving the unfortunate. How many kindly emotions, tender sympathies, earnest longings for goodness, unite while in prosperity, these toiling years have developed! True it is that the dross of worldliness is most easily purged from hearts that are suffering the ordeal of affliction.

Five seasons have the snows fallen, and the roses blossomed above Edward's breast. You wonder how I have met these years, and emerged more strong and self-reliant, from each successive one. Dear Madeline, do you not believe that one human life is of more value than many sparrows? Do you look so lightly upon nature that you fail to see, for every necessity, a sure expedient? 'Ilka blade of grass has its own drop of dew' which Heaven distills for its nourishment. The smallest flower looks upward to the sun, and draws support from his warmth. Even so may we look to that greater Sun, whose beams are never obscured, and the e seek nourishment to sustain our fainting, despairing hearts.

Death cometh to us all, dear Madeline; there is no charmed circle where it never intrudes. It may enter your happy home, and lead your dearest friends across the dark river. Or sorrow even more deep and bitter may envelop you in its darkness; but think not of faltering in the battle of life! He who called us to the conflict hath always need of us, and will surely furnish means for the accomplishment of our work. Perchance there are aching hearts whose anguish we may relieve; weary spirits whom we may cheer on to victory. And in the appointed hour of death's release, we may take them by the hand, and, with songs of rejoicing, enter into the rest which God giveth His beloved.'

M. A. H.

From the Christian Messenger.

The New Charge—The New Preacher.

The meeting of each Annual Conference, excites an interest both among our preachers and people, in view of the important changes that, in connection with our system, must inevitably occur. Many of our charges are expecting a new pastor, and many of our preachers must take new fields of labor.—There are some things unpleasant in connection with these changes, but there is a mutual understanding on the part of both preachers and people, that they are inevitable, and hence preparations are made to meet them.

Our system has been thoroughly tested in its practical operations, and all are compelled to concede that it works well, and so marked has been the success, that none can question the reality of the Divine approval, and if there be trials connected with it, they should be cheerfully endured for Jesus' sake. Before our next issue, the preachers of the Vermont Conference will be upon their way to their fields of labor for another Conference year. They go to their work, not knowing what in the providence of God may await them, having not a few anxious cares in regard to the results. Each preacher should pray that he may be sent to the place where it is the pleasure of the Lord that he should labor—to the place where he can do the most for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. There is an appropriate place for each minister, called of God to this work, and it is a matter of great moment that each should have the place to which he is best adapted. In connection with this desire to be divinely directed, each minister should go to his charge persuaded that his sincere prayer has not been offered in vain, and that God will be with him to own and bless his labors. The preacher should go to his appointment resolved upon doing the work of God, whether the people pre-empt his labors or not. It is pleasant to meet with the favor of the people, and richly share in their sympathy and support, but we buy this at too dear a price, if to obtain it, we do violence to conscience or the stern demand of religious principle and truth.

Let us all go to our work for the next Conference year, fully resolved on the blessing of God in the prosperity of his cause. It is our duty and privilege to know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord. We may do all things through Christ strengthening us, and we are not called upon to go to this work in our own strength. Go to the people of your

charge in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, and be resolved that Christ and Him crucified shall be the subject of your knowledge, and the theme of your preaching. There is no reasonable excuse for a professed minister to be living in a low state of spirituality, without the fire of a religious zeal, or the high attainments of a sanctified heart and life. Those who preach the Gospel should themselves be living apostles, known and read of all men. Go to the new appointment with a new consecration of all you have and are to God, praying that he may give you souls as your hire. If your charge be a good one, be thankful, and see that it does not deteriorate upon your hands; if it be a weak appointment, in the name of God make it strong. In regard to your support, trust in God and do your duty, and you may safely hope to be fed.

The charges will soon be receiving their new ministers. We trust that they have united in prayer to God to have the right man sent them, and let them receive the preacher as one sent from God to labor for their spiritual welfare. Do not draw any conclusion the reverse of this, until you have thoroughly proved him. Many charges who have been at first disappointed in the minister sent, have had reason in the result to thank God for their disappointment. The charges may do much to help their preachers, and render them more efficient. Sustain your minister by your prayers and hearty co-operation. Let his preaching be rendered effective, by being mixed with faith on the part of those who hear it. An exchange has the following timely hints on the reception of the new minister:

'Every man in every charge has an influence either to advance or retard the Gospel. If he has made up his mind to find fault with every thing and every body, and especially the new preacher and his family, he will accomplish part of the work of retardation. There is a wonderful power in ice, and especially in the ice about the human heart. A reluctant grasp of the hand, a slow, unwilling movement of the person, with a heartless cast of countenance, accompanied by a few cold words about the dead state of religion in 'our charge,' 'the miserable character of last year's preacher,' etc., will do wonders in mischief, and make the preacher wish he had gone to a charge of different spiritual condition. Some of you will like the preaching of the new minister, and some of you will not. This is, in the general, according to the constitution of the human mind, but sometimes the disposition not to like is to be charged to the ugliness of habit. Some men in all societies are critics of preaching, their time being mainly occupied in reciting to others the poor delivery, the poor logic, the poor rhetoric, or the poor something else of the sermon. They glance or wink to a friend across the aisle or in the corner, about this or that passage, and as soon as the start home is made or they get into a quidnunc, the preacher or his sermon are laid under terrible tribute. A man may form the habit of looking after and treasuring up stories of any sort; this every body knows. So a man can hunt up, treasure up, brood over, magnify, and retail a preacher's faults, and after awhile have a sort of comfort in the miserable work. Now, suppose there are things about the new preacher you do not and can not very well like, is it good policy to tell your children, your boys and girls, your hired men and neighbors so? Will a preacher reform in his habits because there is active backbiting concerning him? Can he? Will his spirit not rather be sorrowed if he discovers that a brother when face to face with him is redolent with smiles, but when behind his back is full of nettles and knives? Is it a good way to promote godliness to be perpetually picking flaws and finding fault?'

A contractor who was building a tunnel on a certain Ohio railroad, observed one morning that the face of a member of his gang had its surface all spotted with bruises and plaster.

'Ah! Jimmy,' said he, 'what have you been doing?'

'Not very much, sir answered Jimmy. I was just down at Billy Mulligan's last night, sir, an' him an' me we had a bit of a dischusen rid sticks.'

A midshipman asked a priest to tell him the difference between a priest and a jackass. The priest gave it up. 'One wears his cross on his back, the other on his breast,' said the midshipman. 'Now, said the priest, 'tell me the difference between a midshipman and a jackass.' The midshipman gave it up, and asked what it was. The priest said he did not know of any.

A very learned Russian has gone to much trouble in collecting information for the outer world of Europe concerning the various dissenting sects of the Greek religion. It is usual for us barbarians to suppose that there is but one Orthodox Greek church; this is however a mistake. The sects are numerous as those of the Anglican church, and have arisen from singular local causes.

Captain Doubleday's Statement.

Major Anderson landed at the Battery, and was received by an immense crowd. His carriage was surrounded by the people, who expressed in cheers and other demonstrations their congratulations. He was followed by an immense throng through Broadway to the Brevort House, where he was joined by his wife.

The following is a digest of Capt. Doubleday's statement:

The demand to surrender Fort Sumter was made on the 11th, and refused, not only by Major Anderson, but the unanimous voice of his command. On Friday morning, at 3 o'clock the rebels sent word that a fire would be opened in one hour, and at 4 o'clock the fire opened upon us in every direction, including the hidden battery. The fire was opened with a volley of seventeen mortars, firing ten inch shells, and shot from thirty three guns, mostly Columbiads. We took breakfast, however, very leisurely. The command was divided into three watches, each under the direction of two officers. After breakfast they immediately went to the guns, and opened fire on Fort Moultrie, Cummings' Point and Sullivan's Island.—The iron battery of Cummings' Point was of immense strength, and most of our guns glanced off. Major Anderson refused to allow the men to work the guns on the parapet, on account of such a terrific fire directed there.

There is scarcely a room left in Fort Sumter inhabitable. Several shells went through the Floating Battery, but it was little damaged.—Two guns on the Iron Battery were dismounted. A man was stationed who fired shot or shell when the rebels fired, the garrison being thus enabled to dodge them. At first the workmen were reluctant to help work the guns, but afterward served most willingly and effectively against the Iron Battery. The barracks caught fire several times on Friday, but were extinguished by the efforts of Mr. Hart of New York and Mr. Lyman of Baltimore, both volunteers.

On Saturday, the officers' quarters caught fire from shell, and the main gates were burnt. A magazine was surrounded by fire, and ninety barrels of powder were taken out and thrown into the sea. When the magazines were encircled by fire, all our materials were cut off, and we had eaten our last biscuit two days before. The men had to lie on the ground with wet handkerchiefs on their faces, to prevent smothering, and a favorable eddy of wind was all that saved our lives. The cartridge bags gave out. Five men were employed to manufacture them out of our shirts, sheets, blankets, etc.—It will take half a million of dollars to repair Fort Sumter's interior. Most of their shot was aimed at our flag.

The following is the conversation that occurred between Anderson and Wigfall: The latter said, 'Gen. Beauregard wishes to stop this, sir.'

Anderson only replied, 'Well, well.'

Wigfall said, 'You have done all that can be done, and General Beauregard wishes to know upon what terms you will evacuate the Fort.'

Anderson—'Gen. Beauregard is already acquainted with the terms.'

Wigfall—'Do I understand that you will evacuate on the terms proposed?'

Anderson—'Yes, and only on those.'

Wigfall then returned. Ten minutes after, Colonel Chestnut and others came from Beauregard, asking if Anderson wanted any help, and stating that Wigfall had not seen Beauregard for two days, and had no authority for his demand on Anderson. To which Major Anderson replied; 'Then we have been sold—we will raise our flag again.' But they requested him to keep it down until communication could be had with Beauregard. Firing then ceased, and three hours after another deputation came, agreeing to the terms previously decided upon.

On Sunday morning, steamer Isabel came down and anchored off the fort, when all the baggage was put on board the steamer Clinch, which was used as a transport between the fort and the Isabel. The troops were under arms. A portion were told off to salute the flag, and when the last of fifty guns were fired, the flag was lowered amid the loud and hearty cheers of the men, who then formed in the gorge, and embarked to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.'—Two men were killed on the second round of the salute by the explosion of a gun, four wounded, one badly, and left at Charleston. On Monday the Isabel steamed down the harbor, and transferred the troops to the Baltic, which sailed Tuesday morning.

Fort Sumter had not been reinforced on any occasion.

The Baltic arrived off Charleston on the morning of Friday, after the firing on Fort Sumter had commenced. The Pawnee and Pocahontas arrived next day. The Powhatan and Atlantic had not been seen. During all the while the fleet was off Charleston, a heavy gale was blowing. The day Major Anderson evacuated, preparations for reinforcing him had been made, to be attempted that night. A schooner was seized and an agreement made to pay the pilot and captain \$500 to put men in the Fort; but the Fort was evacuated before the attempt could be made.

Captain Fox had instructions to attempt to provision the Fort, without troops, and if fired on was to rush in the best way he could; but the gale prevented the arrival of tugs and transports.

The Harriet Lane is soon expected to arrive. The Pawnee has gone to Washington.

Among the many incidents of the battle, is that of a Mr. Hart, a volunteer, who, when the flag was shot down, and the rebel fire concentrated on the flag staff, gallantly nailed the stars and stripes, amid the deadly fire and the cheers of the United States troops.

We of Arkansas have tasted the bitter fruit of the Union tree.—Arkansas Ex.

Well, eat to the core, and then perhaps you can see seed.—Premiere.